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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

WHATE'ER BE MINE.

Whate'er be mine, may it be mine to share
With other folks the pleasure that it brings;
Gold, happiness, or jewels passing rare,
Be what it may that fortune's bounty flings.

If it be simple tastes, oh, may I find
Companions who will take them as do I.
If it be treasure of the soil or mind,
May there be those to share it standing nigh.

If it be kindliness of heart, good will,
A hopefulness of spirit, may there be
A goodly crowd about to take their fill
Of these possessions that have come to me.

Save only sorrow—if that cup must come,
Let me go forth into some spot unknown,
Where all about unnoting shall be dumb
The while I drain the bitter lees alone.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

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SIXTY YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

Next Tuesday, February 23, will be the 60th anniversary of the arrival of the Rev. Dr. S. H. Willey in California. He landed at Monterey, the territorial capital, his designated mission field by the American Home Missionary Society, under commission of which he came. Monterey was army headquarters, and most of the residents being Spanish-speaking people, the territorial and army officers constituted almost his entire parish and congregation. It was not until October, 1849, that Dr. Willey first saw San Francisco. When a few months after his arrival at Monterey the state of California was formed and the capital removed to San Jose, and the army headquarters were removed also, he looked for a more promising field. In October, 1849, he came to San Francisco on horseback, accompanied by an army officer. He says concerning the city at that time: "I rode all over it, and studied it with curiosity and wonder. Five or six ministers had already arrived here, and one or two very temporary houses of worship had been erected. There was a great concourse of men landing from ships and getting outfits for the mines, multitudes of others returning from the mines, some going home, and many crowding the gambling-saloons that surrounded the plaza on all sides. Business was transacted for the most part on Montgomery street, which extended southward only to California street, and beyond that no street was opened." After studying the religious conditions and situation in San Francisco, Dr. Willey returned to Monterey, where he passed the winter of 1849-50, busied with his mission work. In May, 1850, he went again to San Francisco, to take part in installing the Rev. T. Dwight Hunt as pastor of the First Congregational Church. Again he studied that part of the city just south of Market street, called later "Happy Valley," and on the 19th of May held the first service, out of which in a few weeks grew Howard Presbyterian Church, on the roll of the ecclesiastical society of which, "to conduct the secular affairs of the church," we notice the names of two persons long honored in Congregational circles—David N. Hawley and Stephen S. Smith.

Sixty years in California! Fruitful years! Dr. Willey still lives to bless the state to which he came as one of God's best gifts three score years ago.

Two weeks ago at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity he spoke concerning the hand of God in California history, and with face and mind and heart toward the sunrise—optimistic as to the future because of the past, and because of the profound belief that this is God's world.

PACIFIC CAST IN BRIEF.

Secretary Tenney of the American Board, has gone to Oregon where the Pacific coast part of the Joint Missionary Campaign was inaugurated this week. The first meeting was at Forest Grove, eleven churches in that part of Oregon co-operating.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society has accepted the invitation of Los Angeles to hold its annual meeting in that city in May of this year. At least this is inference drawn from a letter received a few days ago from Secretary Herring by Supeintendent Rathbone of the Nothern California Conference.

Last week The Pacific made mention of the decision of the Rev. Dr. William Horace Day of Los Angeles not to accept the presidency of Pomona College. We quote now from his statement to his church Sunday, February the 7th: "In replying to the invitation of the trustees of Pomona College to become President of the college , I felt the first public announcement should be made to you. It has not been an easy question to settle. For the man fully qualified to undertake the responsible place I can imagine but few things that would make a stronger appeal; on the other hand the opportunity before the pastor makes it impossible to turn from that form of service to another without a very clear conviction of duty. Yesterday I sent to the three members of the committee which represented the college the following brief letter: "'No interest outside of my own church has held the same place in my heart as Pomona College. That the men who compose the board of trustees should ask me to take one of the most strategic positions on this coast, has touched me profoundly, and the task of considering this opening has not been undertaken lightly. My clear conviction is that I should not, at this time, leave the pastorate. I believe it to be my duty to decline the call you have so generously given me.'" Asked by the editor of Student Life at Claremont to make some statement through its columns to the student body, Dr. Day wrote: "There has never come to me a call to service which has had a stronger appeal than that of Pomona College. To have personally shared with the men of the Faculty who have through these years honored her name, and with such a student body representing so high an ideal of college life, would be an opportunity to which any man's life would go out. Had I not such clear and unmistakable convictions that my present duty was in the pastorate, rather than in the field of education, there could have been no more imperative summons than the call of the trustees."

A good Roads Convention is to be held in Seattle in July. The governor of each state has been asked to send two delegates to this congress. A leader in the good roads movement throughout the United States is Mr. Samuel Hill of Seattle, who has been traveling in various parts of the country arousing interest in this convention. The Providence Journal says: "Mr. Hill has displayed to his audiences, as he has to important public men and private citizens in New York, Washington and elsewhere, a series of most remarkable photographs, showing what has been accomplished in the State of Washington under his presidency of the Good Roads Association for the benefit of the farmer and the upbuilders of the State generally. It is interesting and somewhat surprising that Washington has better

roads today than any other state in the Union. This fact is easily proved, not only by statistics, but by Mr. Hill's wonderful series of photographs, and has, moreover, the attestation of the United States Department of Agriculture. Seattle alone has over 300 miles of asphalt pavement, which, according to Mr. Hill, is far superior to that in use in New York, Washington or elsewhere. Mr. Hill is not in the general sense an advocate of the building of railroads or canals or other routes of highway by the National Government. He thinks, however, that is national assistance should be rendered in any such direction it should be given for the purpose of establishing a national highway engineering school. There are practically no highway engineers, Mr. Hill says, and points to the fact that in the State of Washington, where the first chair of highway engineering was established in the university in 1907, there are now 200 students, the results of whose talents and study and experience will gradually be felt in the still greater improvement of the already model road system in that state and elsewhere, as these students shall find employment in the expanding work of good road making."

Angora goats to the number of 3000 are to be herded out during the next two years on some of the brush covered foothills of California, and are expected to do some effective work for "Uncle Sam." A washington correspondent writes: The experiment will be unique both as a stock-raising proposition and as an engineering and tree culture problem. The little white animals whose long wool is of such great value are going to be put to no less a task than constructing mile after mile of fire line through the bushy chaparral growth in the National forests, saving much labor by the United States Forest Service engineers and making way for forestation by merchantable trees. Not the least important feature of the experiment, which for the first two years will be confined to the Lassen Forest, is the fact that the task will be performed during the regular grazing by the goats, which will not even realize they are doing a valuable work. Plans for carrying on the work are outlined in a co-operative agreement drawn up by the Forest Service and the owner of a band of Angora goats grazing on the Lassen National Forest of California. The scheme is to run fire lines parallel with the contour of the slopes by cutting trails about eighty rods apart. These trails are to serve as guides for the angoras. They will graze in each direction from the trails, killing, it is estimated, a strip of brush about 300 yards wide. The wide lanes cut out and grazed by the goats will serve as ideal fire lines in protecting the forest covered lands lying beyond and around the chaparral areas, and also make a place for reproduction of merchantable trees. For the past two years the Government has been carrying on permanent improvements in the national forests on an extensive scale, and the construction of fire lanes and trails has been one of the most important features of the work. The task of clearing the ground and providing land for good forest trees is, however, perhaps the most important benefit expected to come out of the experiment. The proposed work of the angora goats may finally solve the chaparral problem which has been troublesome in the State of California for many years. The bushy chaparral growth chokes out seedlings of valuable commercial trees which may get a start and when dry is one of the worst kinds of fire risks. Often a small blaze which starts in it gains such headway in a few minutes as to travel hundreds of yards and lick into valuable stands of merchantable timber. The protection to be afforded by the goat-built fire lanes, therefore, may at last bring relief to the State, which in the past has had its full share of timber loss through destructive forest fires. At the same time, a large amount of chaparral will be killed out to make room for the growth of good trees that produce lumber. If proven successful at the end of two years the work will be carried to national forest in other sections where chaparral has choked out good forest trees and created a dangerous fire risk."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The pig-iron production in the United States for January, 1909, was the largest for any month since the panic.

In 1875 Oberlin College had an endowment of $159,787. In 1900 it was $725,352. Now, exclusive of scholarships and annuity funds it is $1,650,668.

California is represented in the department of Journalism at the University of Missouri by F. W. Cooke, until recently editor of the Healdsburg Tribune. Although forty-nine years old he will take a four years' course.

Nearly all of the more than one thousand graduates of the Doshisha at Kyoto, Japan, are professed Christians. One hundred are pastors; others are educators, editors, physicians, government officials and business men, scattered throughout the empire, and exerting a great influence for Christianity.

On the first of February, money to the amount of $3,091,312,456 was in circulation in the United States. February 1908, the amount was $3,094,362,699. The first of February 1907, it was $2,902,902,093. The total amount of money in the United States the first of February in circulation and in the treasury was $3,395,030,775. The circulation per capita on the first of February was $35. One year ago it was $35.61, and eight years ago it was $28.38.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer says that the only woman minister who attended the recent Congregational Home Missionary Conference at Cleveland, was Mrs. Annette Gray, of Cheynne, Wyoming. "Clad in khaki riding habit, Mrs. Gray goes on horseback over a parish that includes thousands of square miles in Wyoming. Her husband, the Rev. W. B. D. Gray, is in charge of fiftymission stations She is his only assistant. She shares his travels and his labors often goes on long trips alone in the mountains.' Mrs. Gray is quoted as saying: "We rode 325 miles in a wagon last summer, sleeping in tepees which had canvas floors to keep out the rattlesnakes. Another time I was on a trip by myself and found a whole town with smallpox. Some of our parishioners are in rough mining camps; others are clerks in village stores, or ranchers on big places of their own. Most are men and women from the East, and many are Western Reserve people who have always lived in sight of church steeples and who welcome the opening of a little mission church. We need money —oh, how we do need it! We could do so much for our people if we had, say, $7,000. Just think! In my home town, near Boston, the music on a single Sunday some-

times cost $500. I don't grudge the organist and singers good pay, but it doesn't seem just right, somehow."

Writing of the Chapman evangelistic meetings in Boston, "The Churchman Afield" of the Transcript states that there is a notable absence of criticism, remarking in that connection: "My memory does not go back to the Moody meeetings in this city within fifteen years and to other evangelistic campaigns and it strikes me that, considering the dimensions of this movement and certain outstanding features of it, there is a surprisingly small amount of hostility to it. One would have to read the daily papers diligently to discover a single slur or a disposition to poke fun; while the church people who care little for it themselves and who prefer to put in their winter's work along another line of effort, are disposed to be charitable, to recognize that methods that might not suit a certain type of mind may prove effective with the average men and women, who make up the bulk of the population and of the churches. This general good-will on the part of the community is a happy token of the passing of the old antagonisms and prejudices and especially of that acutely critical spirit which has been too prominent in Boston and New England. The willingness of certain influential Unitarians, not only to attend the meetings themselves, but to advise their fellow believers to go, has been one of the most gratifying developments of the situation thus far. There is a deal of friendliness, also, on the part of the Episcopalians—though they are not formally enlisted in the movement. A woman of strong High-Church convictions and practices whom I met at the Park Street meeting the other noon, responded to my expression of wonder that she should be there by saying, 'I like it; I believe in it. My own church I consider a kind and judicious mother and it feeds me right along; but I am willing to fraternize with any who really love the Lord Jesus Christ.' And in last Sunday's Calendar of the Church of the Advent, that more than any other Episcopal church in the city stands in the eyes of the public for an extreme type of churchmanship, Dr. W. H. van Allen, the rector, says: "I trust that you will all pray, with our Christian neighbors of many names, that God may abundantly bless the campaign for Christ which has been undertaken here with Rev. J. W. Chapman as leader. I have the highest respect and regard for Dr. Chapman, and I know that his teachings and exhortations are always wise, sweet, sane and helpful. It will delight me to know that many of you have gone to hear him bear witness for our common Saviour and King; for there is no room for differences between loyal Christians as to the substance of his message.' "

A LINCOLN BIRTHDAY PAPER.

[Prepared by the Rev. Dr. Thomas K. Noble by request and read at a memorial service held in Plymouth Church, San Francisco, Feb. 14, 1909. Dr. Noble was pastor of Plymouth Church for several years. His home is now in Washington, D. C.—Editor.]

There is a volume, recently issued by Harper & Brothers, entitled "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln." These have been collected and edited by Allen Thorndyke Rice. In the volume I find this grotesque discription of the man whom, the whole world, today, is delighted to honor: Tall, angular and awkward, he had on a short-waisted, thin, swallow-tail coat; a short vest of the same material, thin pantaloons, scarcely coming down to his ankles, a straw hat and a pair of brogans with woolen socks. One day he goes to the library of the Supreme Court to get law books. Putting together what he wanted, he took a large bandana handkerchief from his pocket, tied them up, and putting a stick, which he had brought with him, through a knot he made in the handkerchief, he adjusted the package of books to his stick, shouldered it, and marched out of the library to his room." He never got over the habit of doing the thing he wanted to do, easily, if not always gracefully. Someone has said, and with entire truthfulness, that Lincoln "measured up" against every tall man he happened to meet, and though surpassed, by some, in inches, he found none, in the judgment of the world today, taller in intellect, or roomier in heart dimensions. His mind was not a barren palace for kings, but rather a homely loft for all the sweet grains from the helpful pastures of human thought and feeling. His fist was a hammar; his muscles were steel; the grip of his arms was a thing to be avoided by professional wrestlers; and after Douglas and Seward had made their experiments, the most agile professional statesman hesitated to come within the grip of his logic, when that logic, warmed by the heat of friction rang upon the anvil. But with all this physical and intellectual power, glorious as it was in action, the world turns with greedy gladness to other traits, which indicate the tender-hearted, right-thinking, prayerful man —the true gentleman, the first, greatest, and humblest American. If he had a head four stories high, he had a heart four cellars deep.

Little more than a month ago, I found upon my desk one morning, two Lincoln books, a Christmas gift of a valued friend in Washington. One of these books was entitled, "The Toyshop," and I found it replete with striking incidents which throw fresh light upon the life and character of this distinctively unique man. The other book was entitled "The Perfect Tribute," and was devoted wholly to Lincoln's immortal address at Gettysburg, telling the world in exquisite diction, how this wonderful address was prepared, how it was received, and how its reception tortured the sensitive soul of our martyred President. It was a fascinating volume, and we will let the gifted author tell her story in her own way: On the morning of November 18, 1863, a special train drew out from Washington, carrying a distinguished company. There were judges of the Supreme Court of the United States; there were heads of Departments; the General-in-Chief of the army and his staff; members of the Cabinet. In their midst, as they stood about the car, before settling for the journey, towered a man, sad, pre-occupied, unassuming; a man awkward and ill-dressed; a man, as he leaned slouchingly against the wall, of no grace of look or manner, in whose haggard face seemed to be the suffering of the sins of the world. Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, journeyed with his party to assist at the consecration, the next day, of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg. The quiet November landscape slipped past the rattling train and the President's deep-set eyes stared out at it gravely, a bit listlessly. The weight on his shoulders seemed pressing more heavily than he had courage to press back against it. The responsibility of one, almost a dictator, in a wide, war-torn country came near to crushing, at times, the mere human soul and body. There was moreover a speech to be made tomorrow to thousands, who would expect their President to say something to them

worth hearing. The melancholy gaze glittered with a grim smile. He—Abraham Lincoln, the lad bred in a cabin, tutored in rough schools here and there, fighting for, snatching at crumbs of learning that fell from rich tables—it was he, of whom this was expected. He glanced across the car. Edward Everett sat there, the orator of he following day—the finished gentleman—the careful student—the heir of traditions and learning and breeding—of scholarly instincts and resources. The self-made President gazed at him wistfully. From him the people might expect and would get a balanced and polished oration. Lincoln sighed. Yet the people had a right to the best he could give, and he would give them his best; at least he would see to it that the words were real and were short; at least he would not exhaust their patience. Across the car the Secretary of State had opened a package of books and their wrapping of brown paper lay upon the floor. "Mr. Seward, may I have this to do a little writing?" he asked, and the Secretary insisted upon finding better material, but Lincoln had his way and soon the deep-lined face bent over Seward's bit of brown paper, the whole man absorbed in his task, working with that capacity for taking infinite pains which has been defined as genius. And when he had finished, he read the speech, dropped it to the floor and stared again from the window. It was the best he could do, and it was a failure. So with the pang of the workman, who believes his work done wrong he folded the brown paper, placed it in his pocket and put aside the thought of it as a bad thing which he might not better. At 11 o'clock on the following day a vast silent multutude billowed like waves of the sea over what had been, not long before, the battlefield of Gettysburg. Most of the men are now passed over to the majority, but their names are not dead in American history. For two hours Everett spoke and the throng listened, untired, fascinated by the dignity of his high-bred look and manner, almost as much perhaps as by the speech which has taken a place in literature. When he had finished the mass of people burst into a long storm of applause for they knew they had heard an oration which was an event. At last the applause ceased, and a tall gaunt figure detached itself from the group on the platform, and slouched slowly across the open space and stood facing the audience. A quivering silence settled down, and every eye was wide to watch this strange disappointing appearance, every ear alert to catch the first sound of his voice. Suddenly the voice came in a queer, squeaking falsetto. The effect on the audience was irrepressible, too much for the American crowd's sense of humor, always stronger than its sense of reverence. A suppressed titter caught the throng, ran through it, and was gone. Yet no one, who knew the President's face, could doubt that he had heard it and had understood. Calmly enough after a pause, almost too slight to be recognized, he went on, and in a dozen words his tones had gathered volume, he had come to his power and dignity. People stopped breathing, rather as if they feared to miss an inflection. There was no sound from the silent, vast assembly. Not a hand was lifted in applause, and the big, awkward man slunk back to the platform and sank into his seat, and there was no sound of approval, or recognition from the audience. Only a long sigh like a ripple on an ocean. In Lincoln's heart, a throb of pain answered it, His speech had been, as he feared it would be, a failure. "It must have been pretty poor stuff," he said to himself, "but I meant to do well by them." He did not know, he could not know, that the vast audience were spell-bound, by the eloquence of his thoughts, that he had moved them too deeply for words. But he learned the truth later, and his great soul was content.

In a quiet God's acre, hard by the Soldier's Home, in the city of Washington, there stands a monument of bronze, the work of the lamented St. Gaudens. The statue bears no inscription, but is supposed to represent the great artist's conception of the personification of grief. With this single exception, the face of Abraham Lincoln is the most sorrowful of all the faces my eyes have ever looked upon, reminding me, as often as I saw it, of the Divine One, who was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, and who bore the griefs and carried the sorrows of the entire family of man. The last time I saw the man in whose honor we are gathered tonight, was only a few days before he was stricken down by the hand of the assassin. At that time I was in the service of the U. S. Christian Commission, whose benign work for the old soldiers is remembered, I am sure, by the older members of this congregation, and was generously supported by liberal contributions of loyal men and women all over the North.

For six months I was stationed at the General Hospital of the Army of the Potomac at City Point, Va. This hospital had accommodations for 15,000 soldiers, suffering from manifold sicknesses and every variety of wounds. One bright morning, as I looked out of the door of my tent I saw two tall men approaching the hospital whose faces would arrest attention in any assemblage. One of these men was Charles Sumner, and the other Abraham Lincoln. Sumner remained in the hospital a couple of hours, but President Lincoln spent nearly the entire day, going from cot to cot where lay a suffering soldier, taking each by the hand, speaking words of cheer, courage and hope, and comforting him "as one whom his mother comforteth." About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, he came to my quarters, his right hand perceptibly swollen from the hard grips of the men, who so devotedly loved him. Six days later, when the awful tidings came that this idol of the army had been assassinated, the scenes witnessed in that hospital, no pen can depict, nor pencil portray. The historian tells us that when William of Orange was stricken down, all over Holland, the little children were crying in the streets. When Abraham Lincoln was murdered, not only little children, but strong men who had marched with unblanched faces to the cannon's mouth, were crying and sobbing as though their hearts would break. Among the letters of Mrs. James G. Blaine, lately published, is a letter to one of her daughters descriptive of the last hours of this noblest and best of men. As Mrs. Blaine and her brilliant husband were near neighbors of mine in my old home in Augusta, Me., and we were members of the same church, I read this letter with personal and peculiar interest. "I stood," she writes, "with Mrs. McVeagh in the hall when a dozen men bore him above their heads stretched on the mattress, and as he saw us, and held us with his eye, he kissed his hand to us. I thought I should die! And when they brought him into his chamber and had laid him on the bed, he turned his eyes to me, beckoned, and when I went to him, pulled me down, kissed me again and again, and said, 'Whatever happens, I want you to promise to look out for Crete'—the name he always gives his wife—'don't leave me till Crete comes.' I took my old bonnet off and just stayed.

I never left him a moment. Whatever happened in the room I never blanched, and the day will never pass from my memory." That it was that even in articulo mortis his thoughts were not for himself, but for others,—for his beloved wife and those to whom she was so dear. So true is it that

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven."

As I look back over the history of Abraham Lincoln, meditate upon what he was and what he did I find my lips repeating the old words of the bard of Avon,—

"In my mind's eye Horatio
I shall not look upon his like again."

STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

By Rev. J. H. Jowett.

"Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called."—1 Cor. vii: 20.

"Let every man, wherein he was called, therein abide with God."—1 Cor. vii: 24.

It was a very restless and perilous spirit of change which had evoked this counsel from the Apostle Paul. So many people were imagining that their Christian life would become more fruitful if only their sphere could be changed, and so there was a general shifting of position and place. The evangel of the Lord Jesus Christ had come like the breathing of a warm spring wind, and the land was thrilled with the sound of liberation. Everywhere the burden of oppression was being lifted. Everywhere there was a strange, an unfamiliar sense of lightness and liberty. And with all this change of mood there sprang up a feverish yearning to change one's place, and pursue the glories of the Christian life in more congenial spheres. The slave who had cast off thraldom, and discovered his own inherent dignity, imagined that that new-found dignity could only be gratified in more favorable surroundings. The believing wife who had an unbelieving husband, or a husband whose relation to the new faith was cynical hostile, and defiant, could only see one open road, and that was to be found in separation from the husband. And many a poor craftsman, engaged in common toil, was beginning to imagine that such labor was trivial and paltry, and altogether unworthy of so highly privileged a child of God. An evangel, such as he had received, required a herald! Grace, such as he had experienced, demanded a witness! Nothing else than a life was required for such service, and therefore farewell the common trade! and farewell the common tools! "I will follow Thee," and by a following he implied a surrender of the common work. Such is a popular statement of the prevalent conditions. There was a growing dissatisfaction with one's own vocation, and an itching desire for some immediate change and transformation.

Now what are the apostolic principles in reference to a situation like this? Let me give a few of them; they are as relevant to our modern life as to the people to whom they were first given.

First of all, there is no doubt in the Apostle's mind as to what ought to be a Christian's course when his occupation demands connivance with sin. The occupation must be abandoned. If a man is engaged in a business in which he cannot possibly keep clean hands he must drop it! There can be no compromise on the matter. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." At all costs and all sacrifice a man must keep clean hands. "Come ye out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing."

And a second principle is this: No individual action is legitimate that will jeopardize the interests of the many. No man is permitted to draw a little circle round about his feet and assume that he has enclosed all the inerests of the situation. A man is enjoined to look beyond himself in estimating the issues of his personal deeds. "No man liveth unto himself." A Christian slave might feel that his newly-gained manhood required his freedom, and he might feel justified in seeking that freedom. by flight But it might be that his flight would only add to the burden of those who were still in bondage, and the spirit of tyranny would be inflamed and intensified. "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

And here is a third principle. Christianity does not work volcanically, but atmospherically. It does not advance by explosions, but by leaven. Emancipation is not the outcome of violent convulsions, but of silent and gradual pervasions. The Christian religion does not work by gunpowder, but by a secret corrosion which wears away the ramparts of the devil.

And, lastly, the individual believer is himself to be a propagating centre of redeeming grace. He is to remain in the dark place, and be its lamp. He is to abide in the corrupt place and be its salt. He is to dwell in soddened and saddened conditions and raise them by the leaven of an exalted life. These are the apostolic principles, and therefore I do not wonder at apostolic counsel. He wrote to these shifting, changing people, and counselled them not to seek betterment by indiscretions or by violent action. Stop where you are "with God!" "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called." "Let every man, wherein he was called, therein abide with God."

Now the old problems remain with us in modern conditions. We have the old inclinations, the old dissatisfactions, the old temptations, and therefore the old unrests, and modern Christians have similar feverish ambitions to change their lot. How often have I heard young people say that if they could get into another business they would find it easier to live a Christian life! If they could only get into another office! If they could only find another workshop, where the conversation was less lewd and blasphemous! If they could only get into a trade where the temptations were not so fierce! The commercial traveller dreams how differently things would have been had he been made a doctor.The draper has visions of a delectable country if only he had been permitted to be an artist. The grocer believes that he would have been encircled by favoring grace if he had been allowed to go to the foreign field. And the tailor envies the minister, while all the time the minister is envying the tailor! Well now, in the vast majority of instances the turn-about would be a fruitless change. I think the majority of us are just where we ought to be, if only we are there "with God." If God be not with us we should be wrong everywhere, and everywhere we should be out of joint and out of place. Here is the apostolic counsel. "Abide therein with God." We should go into the old conditions with a new Friend. We should stick to the old calling in the enjoyment of a new and transfiguring relationship. "With God" will make any sphere glorious.

Just think what even a human fellowship can accomplish.What a new color falls on the old grey road, where you walked alone when you tread it with a new friend! What a difference it made to Christian when he had en-

countered Faithful! What a tremendous change came in to Ellice Hopkin's life when she met James Hinton! Yes, magical differences are wrought by the creation of new fellowships. A wedding often transforms the world.

Let us lift up the principle and apply it to the supreme relationship of friendship "with God." When we discover this Friend, "all things become new." The bare screes at Wastwater reveal extraordinary hues when the sunshine falls upon them. And so it is with many a bare and ragged lot; wonderful colors adorn it when the light of the Lord falls upon it. That is so with the desert of sorrow. Walk through it alone and it is all gruesome and forbidding; walk through it "with God," and we discover "treasures of darkness."

And how this relationship "with God" transforms every calling! Bring it into the calling of a preacher, and every word from his lips is vitalised. All his words become sacred vehicles of holy power, and they unburden their wonderful wealth into empty waiting souls. Bring it into the calling of a singer. There is many a second-rate voice which fills the audience with the spirit of awe, because the voice itself is the very utterance of our God. They say that Jenny Lind used to hold her hearers spell-bound with a mystical something which the ordinary canons of music could not explain. Sankey's voice was a marvelous instrument because it was used in fellowship with God.

And bring it into the calling of the politician. The politician "with God" becomes a prophet. That is what it made of Cromwell, and of Bright, and of ten thousand men who have remained in obscurity, and who have been the very ambassadors of God in their little and unreported sphere. The politician who is in fellowship with God receives elevation, and vision, and range, and amplitude of air. Abide in thy calling, O politician, but abide there with thy Lord.

And so it is with the calling of the business man. When God is in the office, and the shop, and the market, a new dignity steals into the soul, which manifests itself in the very stride. That new dignity gives the man a new sense of values, and even though there may be many a day when he has not made much money, he finds his success in the glories of spiritual attainment and in the supreme gain of moral rest.

THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES AND ITS MISSION.

By Bishop E. R. Hendrix, President.

"Separate as the fingers, but one as the hand"—such is the meaning of that wonderful gathering in Philadelphia the first week in December which will go down into history as "the first Federal Council of the Churches in America." It was a gathering of three hundred and seventy-six delegates, duly appointed by thirty-three different denominations, which represented 18,000,000 communicants and 50,000,000 of our population. Three years before an Inter-Church Federation Conference was held in New York City, when a plan for a Federal Union of the Churches of Christ in America was unanimously adopted, to be submitted to the highest judicatories of the federating churches. The purpose of the federation was "to manifest the essential oneness of the Christian Churches of America in Jesus Christ as their divine Lord and Saviour, and to promote the spirit of fellowship, service, and cooperation among them." The constituent bodies in each case heartily approved the Churches," and appointed delegates under that plan to meet in Philadelphia to register a federal union already made by nine-tenths of all the Protestant Christians of America. The federal council has no authority over the constituent bodies adhering to it. They do not lose their identity or autonomy, but seek henceforth to advance the work of the kingdom by cooperation rather than to hinder it by competition, and to esteem one another highly in love for their works' sake. Like the constitutional convention which met in Philadelphia nearly one hundred and twenty years before to form a union of independent states, there plan of federation to be called the "Federal Union of the was now registered a federal union of independent churches also under a constitution which had been adopted by all these federating churches.

The formation of the Federal Union of Churches was not attended by the prolonged and somewhat acrimonious debates which threatened again and again in the National constitutional convention the dissolution of the convention without securing the basis of a national union. There was the freest discussion but the most unanimous conclusion. The federal council showed that liberty of opinion and freedom of speech which has always been the glory of Protestants accustomed to "government by discussion" rather than by force. It is this which has made the greatness of the British Parliament, the most notable debating society in the world, as it is the freest from interference. The purpose of the council was the prosecution of the work that can be better done in union than in separation. Hence the first council had to do mostly with methods of work looking to common ends, as the simple basis of union had been determined three years before as the acknowledgment of our divine Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and obedience to his authority.

The fact that, despite the differences of opinion, "they were mostly questions of metaphysics and machinery" (as Dr. Judson happily put it) became more and more manifest. Agreement on the basis of the Deity of Christ became the bond of union in all essential matters of thought or belief, which made it possible for the council to consider at length all necessary machinery for the better cooperation of all the Protestant churches. Then it was seen that the thirty-three churches represented could be classified under three forms of government. The largest number represented—thirteen in all—were accustomed to the independent or congregational idea of ecclesiastical government, where the individual congregation governs itself, as among the Baptists and Congregationalists. Then ten of the constituent churches were accustomed to the Presbyterian or synodical method, where the seat of government is in the presbytery or synod. The remaining ten had what is usually called the episcopal form of church government, where the executive authority rests, under certain limitations, in bishops. The latter furnished the largest number of members, the Episcopal Methodists of different names alone composing about a third of the federal council, besides the Moravians, the Protestant Episcopalians, the United Brethren, the Evangelical Association, and others. The way in which the Chair was addressed as "Mr. Moderator" showed how perfectly at home were those accustomed to the presbyterial or synodical methods, while the many Ex-Moderators of the Presbyterian General Assemblies (North and South) who were present made it look like a General Assembly. On the other hand, there were more than thirty bishops repre-

senting the churches which have the episcopal form of government, until it seemed as if we were in a general conference or a general convention. Then the large number of eminent leaders from the independent churches made it appear as if we were attending a great general association. Could those accustomed to such different forms of government dwell together in unity? Rome thought not, and was ready to take freedom of discussion for irreconcilable differences of opinion. The actual outcome showed perfect unity of spirit and of action. It was not a mere agreement to differ; it was the discovery that under our different phraseology we stood for the same things and wrought for the same ends until it became apparent that we were not shut up to the same kind of machinery. A great ex-moderator of the Presbyterian Church was heard publicly speaking of a Southern Methodist bishop as "my bishop" and then repeating it to show the sincerity of his kindly heart, while bishops were heard to speak of distinguished Presbyterians or Baptists as warm personal friends. The occasion was a "truce of God" when men lay down their arms for a day or two, but it was a Hague Tribunal and more—a mighty Peace Congress where men of all Protestant beliefs resolved mightily to establish the kingdom of the Prince of Peace.

All sectional differences seemed forgotten, whether political or ecclesiastical. There was no Established Church to berate as is so often done in the council of the Free Churches of Great Britain. No references were made to any churches not represented in the council because of either their belief or polity. Nor was any objection raised to any delegate because he came from one section of our reunited country rather than another. Dr. B. P. Fullerton, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, wrote for his church organ: "The lines between the North and the south were wiped out in the election as President of the Federal Council of a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a Southerner to the manner born. In his response when a fine gavel was presented to him he declared amidst tremendous enthusiasm: 'Let no man say henceforth that a Southern man cannot be elected President of the United States.'" The very secular papers commented on the fact the the churches had set the example for a more perfect union of the States. Such a result was possible when the delegates were the leading men in their respective churches. They were large enough to take good-humoredly any playful references to denominational claims or peculiarities, as when my lifelong friend, Bishop Ethelbert Talbot, of the Central Pennsylvania Diocese, was in the chair a prominent delegate in rising to speak, after giving his name, announced himself as "Presbyterian bishop." None enjoyed the pleasantry more than the Protestant Episcopal bishop, a native of Missouri and a fellow-student at Central College in the early sixties.

The practical results of the Federal Council are manifold. Not the least is that both men and churches are becoming **deprovincialized** by knowing and becoming known. They have a broader horizon and are able to see the good in other churches and sections. New and greater religious forces are being discovered and loosed than were known to exist. The Church of Christ is richer in resources of men and ideas, of consecration and zeal than was supposed. Each saw better what the other churches stood for, and all were found to agree far more than they differed. The lonely Mennonites rejoiced beyond measure when the great Federal Council of all the churches declared for obligatory arbitration of the international differences which could not be settled by diplomacy. The Mennonites had long declared that for Christian states to refuse to arbitrate and to insist on war is to bring reproach on the Christian name. Already the influence of the Inter-Church Federation Conference of three years ago had strengthened the hands of Governor Hughes, of New York (a member of our executive committee), in his successful fight against racetrack-gambling, and had done much to stop "short-order divorces" in South Dakota. Secretary of State Root was influenced by it in causing the voice of the United States government to be raised against the brutal outrages in the Congo Free State, which led to the transfer of its administration to the kingdom of Belgium. Through the federated churches of Los Angeles the sanctity of Easter Sunday was protected against the parade of the marines of the great battle ships after the program had already been announced. Old Admiral Evans countermanded the order, saying: "If the federated churches of Los Angeles oppose it, the parade shall not take place." In that same city the local Federation, under the presidency of Rev. E. P. Ryland, has secured the early closing of department stores, the better observance of the Sabbath, and by well-regulated out-door preaching, the conversion of a thousand souls.

"Problems" that seemed too great to be solved by individual churches now become "opportunities" to the federated churches in our great cities. Parish canvassing is being pressed at the common cost to ascertain the religious complexion of the crowded wards and to see what churches had best withwraw and what had best enter. Large-minded laymen are contributing liberally that overlapping and waste may be avoided and wise cooperation be undertaken. Over-churched towns and villages are being studied that there may be a wise adjustmnt of the forces at work alike in the interest of harmony and efficiency. The Home Mission Boards are having more difficulty in avoiding waste of money and men at home than is the case in foreign fields. But they are working in harmony and are determined that they cannot be justfied either in the sight of God or of men in continuing appropriations simply to maintain altar against altar when a less number of churches could do the work of the Lord both more respectably and better. This will mean the saving of thousands of dollars in given sections the better to use it in others. Local and state federations are being formed to cooperate with the national or federal council both at home and abroad. The Laymen's Movement, which has been born since the former Inter-Church conference, is a powerful ally in all that the federal council of the churches stands for. This is to be expected even more in the future, as one-half of the delegates in the federal council are laymen—men of large experience, of great ability, and of most devout spirit.

The action taken by the council on great moral questions, as temperance, divorce, the adequate oversight of the immigrant, the kinder relations between the church and workingmen, the religious instruction of the young, the reduction of the standing armies, was well considered, sane, and unanimous. The nation has found a voice on great moral questions louder and stronger than ever heard before. Its sound will go out into all the world. The Federal Council of the Churches is to be a permanent and growing power in our land and in all lands where Christian workers from America have a field of work for Christ. New plans of work will develop with the years to help usher in the great and acceptable year of the Lord.

SEGREGATION OF JAPANESE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

A Noted Missionary's Opinion.

The Rev. Dr. Daniel Crosby Greene, a noted American Board missionary in Japan, now on furlough in this country, contributed to the Boston Transcript last week a brief article concerning the segregation of Japanese school children. Dr. Greene quoted the reported saying of Senator Perkins:

"In the lower schools the objection has beeen that there were often Japanese children much older than the American children, and the former often kept back the latter, because they knew little English and had to be taught slowly. The people of California are right in the question."

Dr. Greene's comment was:

"Of course they are right in their unwillingness that there should be a serious disparity of age among the children in the lower schools. They are equally right in holding that children imperfectly acquainted with the English language should not be allowed to keep the other children back.

"But is it possible that there is in the United States Senate a man who supposes that the Pacific Coast has any monopoly on such problems? They crop up everywhere. For many years my revered father was a member of the school board of Roxbury, and I recall that he and his associates created a special school for backward children. It caused no friction. A considerable proportion of the pupils were foreigners, but they were not sent to that school because they were foreigners, but because thy were backward.

"In Tokio there is a school for the education of English-speaking children of the foreign residents. For a number of years I have had the honor of presiding over its board of directors and I am acquainted with its entire history. We have had the same problems to meet as the San Francisco authorities. We once had a young man of sixteen, who, had he remained in the school, would have had to recite with pupils of eight or nine. We simply decided that he could not remain and he left the school. When I left Tokio there were a number of Russians in attendance.

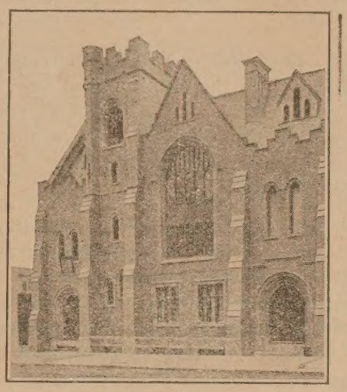
"It did not occur to us that we had shown any unusual skill in school management in that we were able to solve satisfactorily the questions which tax so sorely the intelligence of the legislators of California.

"You might search through Japan with a candle without finding one person to object to any amount of segregation of Japanese children, based upon any reasonable standard of age, scholarship or morality, provided it be equitably applied, not to races but to individuals. The Tokio School for Foreign Children exists because the instruction in the native schools is based upon the Chinese character. To force children who look forward to entering the secondary schools and universities of Europe and America to learn a sufficient number of Chinese characters to meet the requirements of the Japanese primary and grammar schools would be for most of them a sheer waste of time. The Japanese system of education is on the whole most admirable. Still broken parts of that system do not easily fit into ours. We have had one or two Japanese children and several Eurasians in our school, and so long as I am in any way connected with its management its doors shall be open to them, provided they are prepared individually to meet the standards held up for the British and American pupils. That, as I look at the matter, is the only course self-respecting men should take.

"If I may refer to myself once more, I will say that it is a great pleasure to me to remember that my own children have associated with Japanese children from early childhood, and I think they, too, look back upon that association with equal pleasure."

DON'T NEGLECT IT.

The directors of the San Francisco Church Extension Society and of the Northern California Conference of Congregational Churches have sent out a letter asking that on Sunday, March the 14th, an offering be taken for the building fund of the Green Street Church. By the 1st of May $5,000 must be raised in order to secure the additional offer of $5,000 by an Eastern friend of Mr. and Mrs. Walz.



No church in the conference should neglect to take an offering. There is no work on the coast more important than that of the Green Street Church, San Francisco; and the building must be finished, and the work go on in the future unhampered.

Let every one do something!

Many have given. But get all to add to add to their gifts if possible; and press hard on those who have not given.

A STUDY OF SOCIAL PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL.

Among the classes in Pacific Theological Seminary in which special interest is manifest is that by the Rev. J. A. Chamberlain for the study of the great social problems in the light of the social gospel. "The Gospel of the Kingdom," a monthly publication by the American Institute of Social Service, is used in the class room.

Dr. Chamberlain says that the hope is that very soon such classes will be formed in the churches of the state, and that the young pastor should be thoroughly trained in the work.

AN ADDRESS ON DARWIN.

Next Monday the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity are to listen to an address by Professor Ritter of the University of California on "Darwin—His Significance to Us of Today."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The regular time for the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Publishing Company of the Pacific having passed, a special meeting for the election of directors will be held in the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, at 2 p. m., on Wednesday, March 3, 1909.

WALTER FREAR, Secretary.

Among the Churches

California.

Palso Alto.—The Rev. Dr. Baldwin has presented his resignation as pastor. Dr. Baldwin is in the East at present, settling an estate.

Los Angeles.—The First Church on Sunday, February 14, added 43 to its membership, 17 on confession. The pastor, Rev. Wm. Horace Day, gave the address at a Lincoln centennial mass meeting in the opera house at Riverside February 12th.

Los Angeles, East Side.—This church feels that it has met with a great loss in the going of the Rev. F. E. Dell to Grass Valley. Expressions of regret are wide-spread. At a farewell meeting by the Literary Club Mr. and Mrs. Dell were presented by the young people with a handsome silver-handled silk umbrella.

Santa Ana.—Rev. Charles H. Seccombe, pastor. The church at a recent meeting instructed the trustees to purchase more ground adjoining its present site, which is one of the most strategic in the city. The trustees were also created a building committee for the erection of a new church. The present building is too small for both the Sunday congregations and the Sunday-school.

Woodland.—There is a constantly improving outlook for the church in Woodland. The Forward Movement for the raising of $5,000 for current expenses, street work, improvements on the church property and the purchase of a parsonage is progressing nicely. At present the pastor and family keep house in the three rooms in the rear of the church.

HOME MISSIONARY MATTERS IN WASHINGTON.

C. F. Clarke.

While a great many of the churches seem to be alive to the fact that our ideal of self-support in 1909 can be realized only by the hearty cooperation of all the churches there are many who so far have not been heard from. Of course dollars grow on trees in Washington, but there has been some pretty hard work on the part of some one to make them grow there, and of course Washington is going to do what she has set out to do, but it will require some hard work on the part of the pastors to have it done. Dollars grow on trees and the state is coming to self-support in 1910, but there are some men who will get no dollars from their trees and there are some ministers who will not share the glory and the blessing that will accrue to our state, not that they are not interested, nor that they do not intend to do something; but they simply wait a more convenient time to do it, they see all the reasons why this is a bad time to look after the benevolences, soon it will be more apt to bring in good results, then they have just planned such a good series of sermons. Let things go this way, brethren, and your church will not show up very creditably. The whole blame for inadequate support of our work falls upon the timid or procrastinating minister. You may not be able to reach the ideal, but you can prepare for the work. The writer's church will fall short of the desired $1.40 per member, but it will do more than it ever has and best of all a definite plan is being put into operation that ought to educate the givers, secure more givers and get the gifts more systematically. The special plan will not be best in every church, but the principle will work anywhere. We got all the pledges we could one Sunday, then another Sunday we got some more,, then we tried it again. Now we think we have about we can get that way, we are going to have a committee buttonhole those who have not yet given. To make it easier, next year we shall write a letter asking everyone to contribute as much next year and to increase it if possible. No, we do not expect many to reply, so we shall then send a letter saying here is a bunch of envelopes with the same number on it you had last year, unless we hear from you to the contrary we shall assume that your pledge will be the same as last year. Hurt somebody's feelings? May be. One great reason missionary work languishes is that pastors and committees are so often afraid of hurting somebody's feelings; the other reason is that people are so afraid of hurting their own feelings by giving a little more than is convenient. One other thing, when you have the money raised send it on. This seems a ridiculous suggestion, but many raise the money and hold it till the year is passed.

Washington is very fortunate in its superintendents, both of the Home Missionary Society and of the Sunday School and Publishing Society, not only in that they are able men, but that they are temperamentally such that they can work together. From the first they have planned together and executed together, hence so many of the Sunday-schools planted by the Sunday School Society have grown into churches. Not only do they often travel together on joint work, but they occupy the same office and employ the same stenographer, and so it occasions no surprise that Mr. Scudder announces that while he is East during the latter part of January and the early part of February, matters requiring immediate attention may be addressed to Dr. Greene, and the ministers and churches will do so readily, knowing that Dr. Greene is in such close touch with the Home Missionary affairs that matters referred to him will receive prompt attention. Moreover we in Washington believe that this is the proper way and will be satisfied with nothing less. How many Sunday-schools die because not developed into churches no one can tell. How many Sunday-schools in Washington that would have died have by joint effort grown into churches no one can tell, but we know that the large majority of our churches in this state have grown out of Sunday-schools started by the Sunday School and Publishing Society, cared for by them with the view of their becoming churches some day, later organized by a superintendent or missionary, sometimes of one, some-of the other society. The strength of Congregationalism in this state is largely due to this policy of mutual understanding and joint planning. And there has not yet been any interference by the agents of one society with the work of the other, simply fellowship and mutual aid. The Home Missionary Society is reaching out toward self-support in 1910. We believe it will reach it. The Sunday-school committee of the conference is hoping to push the same idea, and let us hope that the proper agency will attempt to raise as much for the Building Society as is spent in the state, and "then some. In the mean time, hurry along that offering for the Home Missionary Society and make it a big one.

REV. JAMES E. SMITH.

Rev. James E. Smith, who for the past two and one-half years has been the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Everett, Wash., was called from his work on earth on Wednesday evening, February 3d.

The annual meeting of the church had been held on the previous Monday evening, on which occasion reports showed it to be in better condition than for many years, and Mr. Smith was feeling very happy over the situation. He had expressed himself as being very much pleased that the church could make such an improved showing.

On Wednesday ha had been busy arranging the plans for the new year about to begin, and especially preparing lists of church committees to be presented to the trustees of the church at their meeting to be held that evening. Just before leaving home he had expressed to Mrs. Smith his special satisfaction in the arrangement of a new committee that he thought was needed in the work, and went away rejoicing in the prospect of a pleasant meeting with his brethren of the church.

The meeting was held and everything as pleasant as anticipated. The brethren bade each other "good-night" at the church door, and Mr. Smith walked up the street with one of the men. They had not gone far- however, when Mr. Smith was taken with an acute attack of cardiac asthma. He was at once taken to the home, near at hand, of one of his parishioners and a physician summoned, but it was soon evident that nothing could be done to help him, and before Mrs. Smith could arrive he had passed away.

Mr. Smith was a graduate of Tufts College, and was brought up in the Universalist Church, being ordained February 2, 1882, but very early in his ministry he followed the light which had already begun to dawn upon him while yet in the seminary, and forsaking the paths which he now saw as error, he came into the Congregational Church, although at great cost to himself of preferment and financial advancement. From that time forward he has always been a consistent preacher of Jesus and Him crucified as the only Savior from sin, and through his leading many a poor sinner has been brought to find salvation from his sin through the blood of Christ.

The pulpits which Mr. Smith has occupied has not been those most conspicuous in our land, although he has had a number of the strong churches in the West, but he has been rather known as the leader of "forlorn hopes," one who could take a church that ought to be strong, but which was divided, torn, and apparently almost wrecked, and bring it up to the place it ought to occupy as a great, strong witness for Christ, showing forth by its harmony and love of the brethren that its members had been with Christ and learned of him.

Those who knew him best, loved him most, and while the writer has seen him often among the brethren of the ministry, when he thought it necessary to rebuke some remark or some paper which grated upon his nerves, sensitive to apparent slights to the honor or dignity of that Lord in whose service he had paid so great a price; yet the occasion or gathering being over, none was more ready to stretch out the hand of brotherly love and help to the one who had erred.

He was new in this state, comparatively, and was therefore not so well known among us as in the Middle West, but the brethren of Washington can unite with those of Minnesota, where he labored for so many years, in feeling that we and our church have lost a friend on whom we had been wont to lean lean for counsel and help.

"His work was not finished, his column is broken, and his brethren mourn."

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Sunday, January 31st, was a strenuous day with Rev. P. S. Knight, who has the Salem Central, Willard and Howell Prairie Memorial Churches in his care. He drove forty-two miles and held three services. There were five additions at the Willard church.

The Misses Failing, daughters of the late Hon. Henry Failing, an Oregon pioneer of 1851, and a well-known banker, having been president of the First National Bank of this city for more than twenty-five years prior to his death, recently pledged $10,000 toward the library fund of Pacific University, providing that $20,000 additional shall be secured. Andrew Carnegie has already offered the university $20,000 for a library building, on condition that an equal amount shall be secured for endowment. The trustees have decided to ask Mr. Carnegie to increase his condition gift to $30,000, and upon securing his consent to that amount, a vigorous campaign will be undertaken at once to secure an endowment of a like sum.

The Higland Church, on January 28th, had its annual reunion and roll-call. Out of a membership of 140, more than 100 responded. The home expenses last year were $2,480, and will be somewhat larger for 1909, and every obligation will be met, that being a habit that this church has fallen into. As in most churches, the Ladies' Aid Society is an exceedingly helpful factor in the success of this church; it raised $625 in 1908. The Sunday-school numbers 350, one of the largest in the city, and it is officered by a superintendent and thirty officers and teachers. There were forty-four additions to the church last year, and more than one-half of this number came into fellowship on confession of faith. Rev. E. S. Bollinger now enters upon his fourth year of service as pastor of this church.

There was a touch of real winter in this vicinity for the first time in several years, beginning on January 5th and lasting for ten days. During this period the temperature ranged from 6 degrees to 18 degrees above zero, being colder than any time since the month of January, 1888. There was a snowfall of eight inches throughout Willamette valley, and a much greater depth in the mountains. When the weather turned warm and the snow began to melt, many were apprehensive lest a flood should follow in the wake of the storm. But not so; the river was not nearly out of its banks, and hence no one was damaged. The prospects for an excellent crop season were never better, and a great many strangers are looking into existing conditions and preparing to make premanent homes.

The people of Forest Grove and vicinity were greatly saddened last Wednesday, the 10th inst., by the death of Mr. Levi C. Walker, a native son of that town, who was born on February 5, 1852. His parents were Rev. Elkanah and Mrs. Mary Richardson Walker, who came to Oregon in 1838 as missionaries of the American Board, and established the Tshimakain Mission, not far from the present city of Spokane, Washington, in the spring of 1839. They were compelled to abandon this mission in the winter of 1848,

on account of the massacre of Dr. Whitman his wife and twelve others on November 29-30, 1847. Mr. Walker was educated in the public schools and was graduated at Pacific University in 1873, in which he was an instructor in mathematics for two years, during the presidency of Rev. J. F. Ellis, D.D. In 1877 he was married to Miss Belle Putnam, a graduate of Pacific University in 1875, who bore him two daughters, both of whom are graduates of Pacific University and are now gaining fine reputations as teachers in the University of Nebraska. Mr. and Mrs. Walker were teachers in the Chemawa Indian School, a few miles north of Salem, and following that were teachers on the Siletz Indian reservation. For a number of years past Mr. Walker has been the surveyor of Washington county, and also as deputy United States surveyor has performed considerable work for the government. Besides his wife and two daughters he is survived by three brothers and one sister—Cyrus H. Walker, Albany; Rev. J. E. Walker, D.D., Shaowu, China; Samuel T. Walker, Forest Grove; and Mrs. Abigail Karr, North Yakima, Wash. Mr. Walker's death was caused by an attack of pneumonia of short duration. He was in the prime of physical and mental vigor and was a most useful man in his community, an earnest worker in the First Congregational Church of Forest Grove and his untimely taking off cannot be regarded otherwise than as a public loss.

Mr. M. A. Kees, who for two years past has been the educational director of the Portland Y. M. C. A., has been appointed to the position of general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Canton, China, and will leave for his new field of labor on February 16th. Mr. Kees was born in Weston, Oregon, in 1876, and was graduated from the normal school in that place in 1900. He immediately entered Whitman College, Walla Walla, and completed the course there in 1904. In 1906 he was given charge of the educational work in the Portland Y. M. C. A., and the marked success of that branch has beeen almost wholly due to Mr. Kees' capable supervision. His mother was formerly Miss Nancy Osborn, a pioneer of 1845, now a resident of this city. Her father, mother and herself were present at the awful massacre of the Whitman Mission, already alluded to in this letter.

Mr. William Sunday, the baseball revivalist, spent last Tuesday evening in Portland. Three thousand people heard him. His audience would have numbered 20,000 had there been a place where that number could have assembled. If people can be "shocked" into the kingdom, great will be the reward of Mr. Sunday. Frankly, so far as your correspondent is concerned, it is difficult to believe that his methods will result in any great amount of permanent good. They attract many, it is true; but they repel many, also.

A movement has recently been started here with the idea of endeavoring to show what "Jesus would do" were he now upon earth. If the emphasis could be given upon the thought of "What Jesus would have human beings do here on earth," it would be more in harmony with what ought to be our desires.

Fifty years ago today Oregon was admitted into the sisterhood of the states of this Union. Tomorrow there will be an appropriate celebration of this historic event at the capitol, Salem, and the anniversary address will be made by Hon. Frederick N. Judson, LL.D., a distinguished jurist from St. Louis, Mo.

Portland, February 14, 1909.

CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Congregational Church Extension Society of San Francisco and vicinity will be held at Richmond Church on Thursday evening, February 25. Dinner will be served by the ladies of the church. Rev. R. K. Ham of the Mission Church, will deliver the address of the evening.

A GREEN STREET SUNDAY.

The joint committee appointed from the among the directors of the Northern California Conference and the San Francisco Church Extension Society has issued an appeal to all the churches of Northern California to take an offering toward the completion of Green Street Church, San Francisco. The day appointed for the offering is Sunday, March 14. The matter is most urgent, as a conditional gift of $5,000 will be won if before May 1st a like sum is raised.

THE HOME

FAMILY ANTAGONISMS.

Caroline Benedict Burrell.

The sense of pride which bids us be silent about our domestic difficulties cannot do away with the fact that in many a household certain antagonisms exist which go far toward destroying the happiness of the home. The ideal family where each child seeks the wish of the other rather than its own, and yields unquestioning obedience to the will of the parents, may exist in heaven but it is rarely seen on earth.

There are mothers who train their children from infancy to dwell together in unity; there are others who cannot do this, and through no fault of their own. Radical differences of temperament often cannot be reasoned or persuaded away, but go so deep that they will persist while flesh and blood endure. With children born to such antagonisms there is but one hope for the peace of the home life—separation.

Two boys may be obliged to room together. One is healthy and boisterous, and loves to collect birds' nests and dead reptiles and keep them close at hand; the other is delicate and fastidious, and appalled by the noise and confusion in which he has to live. The parent says they must give up to each other, and punishes them when they quarrel; and the inevitable consequence is that the breach between the two widens daily. Two sisters of opposite dispositions, one nervous, orderly, peaceable, the other strong, willful, and helter-skelter, have to endure daily an enforced companionship, constantly rebelling against it and those who insist upon it. Naturally, as soon as they are grown they drift apart at once, the farther the better, as they think. In both these cases, how simple it might have been to have separated the children; if necessary, give them different homes for a time, and so, since history proves the fact, let absence make their hearts grow fonder!

But trying as it is when boys or girls do not "get on," these problems sink into insignificance as greater difficulties arise. Whenthe children enter their teens, trouble is almost certain to come. The girl lengthens her dresses, receives her first attention from some schoolboy and goes to an evening party or two; and her head is immediately turned. She now fails to see why she may not sit up until ten o'clock every night and spend all her allowance on violets and gloves, and she resents the restrictions. The phrase, "My mother does not understand me," one as old

as Eve's first daughter, is frequently on her lips. When the mother who is blessed with a saving sense of humor hears it, she smiles even as she sighs, for she remembers well when she too has said the same words.

The father feels indignant as his son mutters rebelliously, Father forgets that he was young once, himself!" but at the same time he recalls that he felt the same way about his own father, and hopes for a better mind in his son as the days go by. To kepe repeating that children such as these are breaking their mother's heart and bringing down the father's head with sorrow to his grave, is to take a more serious view of the case than it deserves. These differences may indeed be permitted to grow into antagonisms, but it is unnecessary to make real and deep feeling out of that which is temporary and on the surface. The children are held more loosly as they grow older and wiser. A little patience, a little tact and discretion, a marked absence of reproaches and comamnds, and as far as possible an indulgence in harmless pleasures, and presently the troubles will vanish. The boy will have the latch-key for which his soul longed, and the girl her evening callers, and they will both realize that father and mother knew best. It is only normal that pushing, growing natures should rebel against restraint and wish to assert themselves, and later on, all these difficulties will be forgotten.

But often when childhood is past, sudden antagonisms arise which dismay one's heart. The daughter determines to go away and teach, though she is needed at home; or worse still, engages herself to a man of whom her parents disapprove. The son whom the father has depended on to take up his business, decides to go into railroading or art—either of which is absurd for him to even think of—and so the wills, so long coincident that differences seem incredible, clash dangerously. Apparent tyranny is shown on one side, and blind self-will on the other; words are said which can never be forgotten, and the breach widens until it looks as though it could never be healed.

In case such as these, unless a moral issue is in question, after remonstrances have failed and time has been permitted to bring the sober second thought to headstrong young spirits, but one course is open to parents—to yield with all the grace they may, They may be mistaken in their fears for their child, or perhaps a blunder he makes now may be a lesson for life, a blessing in disguise. At any rate, the time has come for the individuality of the child to be respected, and better almost anything than bitterness and alienation. Let the boy or girl go out from home without reproaches, and feeling that nothing can ever alter the love of the parent.

It would seem as though when a young woman has settled down at last under her father's roof, presumably for life, there could be no further danger of antagoism, yet the deepest and most painful troubles often begin at this point. She has nothing to do—no one needs her! Her mother prefers to retain the housekeeping; she is tired of study and music; society does not claim her; she is a fifth wheel. So she broods until she grows morbid and bitter, and instead of being a blessing i nthe home she is a source of misery.

The cure is so simple that one would think it obvious, except that the state of things persists. All that is needed is congenial employment somewhere, preferably at a distance. Even though her mother has looked forward all the years to her daughter's companionship, and the father disapproves of women earning their own living, she still should go, and her mother should make the way plain for her. There is work for her somewhere, with pay or without; in a settlement, or in travel, or in some sort of situation. She will see her home from a new standpoint once she is free from the bonds that chafed, and the day will come when she will return to it a sweeter and nobler woman, with love, not antagonism, for all.

With affection and good sense it is seldom that family difficulties continue into middle life. When the strenuous age is out-lived things generally settle down. Angles are softened all around; parental strictness is a thing of the past; little by little the whole circle meets on common ground. And yet sometimes this happy day never comes. The opposing mental and physical differences are too deep to be obliterated. The hard reserve bequeathed to one from some unlovely ancestor, and the morbidness that descends to another, are never to be overcome. The son or daughter strikes F sharp and the parent F natural, and there is discord. Some families go down to their graves speaking different languages, and no amount of kindness on both sides can make them understand one another.

In such cases, unhappily not rare, no way is open but to accept the limitations and make the best of them. Tears and prayers only exasperate; reproaches only burden, since misfortune, not fault, is at the bottom of the difficulty. But a strong fight against permanent alienation can be tacitly decided on, and philosophy, humor, and a determined looking toward the brighter side of things may all be brought to bear on the problem. Above all—and this point is usually overlooked—it must be recognized—it must be recognized that underneath all coldness of manner and peculiarities, love really lies hidden, warm and glowing. There may be discord, indeed, but perhaps it is not so much that as a suspended harmony, and surely in some other world will come the blending into a perfect chord of those tones which seem now only to jar.—The Interior.

Young People

ONE SLIPPERY NIGHT.

By Emily S. Windsor.

As William Hallam was passing through the hall to the street door, Mrs. Smith, the keeper of the boarding house, came from the dining room. She was a stout woman with an anxious look on her face. "Oh, Mr. Hallam, you go past Bond Street, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes," returned William, stopping to turn toward her.

"My cook is sick this morning—such a time as I have had getting breakfast!—and I want Mrs. Brown to come and help me. This note is for her. Will you take it to her for me? She lives right by the corner as you go down—No. 642. It's only a few steps out of your way. I don't like to trouble you, but I have no one to send, and"—

"O, I'll be glad to take it!" interrupted William, taking the note from her hand. Mrs. Smith's voluble thanks followed him as he opened the door and passed out.

Dull February skies threatening rain, occasional swirls of dust filling the air, and a raw, penetrating atmosphere made it a gloomy day. William's feelings were in keeping with it. Life to him that morning seemed so little worth while. He smiled bitterly and with a feeling of almost self-contempt as he recalled with what expectations of wonderful successes to be achieved he had come to the city from his coutry home. It was scarcely a year ago, but how long it seemed! How some of the other youths of the village had envied him and bewailed their lack of opportunity! What plans he had had for doing good! What limitless opportunities he would encounter in a great

city! But how different his experiences had proved from his dreams! His search for work had been long, and finally ended in a humble position in a large mercantile house, where there were too many ahead of him for him to hope for promotion.

At home he had been a zealous worker in the different church societies. There was no place for him in the big city churches. The various societies were so wonderfully organized and equipped. College professors and eminent lawyers were among their leaders. He had almost stopped going to church. His offerings on the collection plate appeared so paltry beside the heap of bills.

He rarely wrote to the aunt and uncle who had brought him up, and never to his other friends. He had no successes to chronicle. The immensity of the city almost overwhelmed him. Life was a vast desert, and he an insignificant insect crawling along it. If he were gone, he would not be missed.

A compelled stop at a busy corner for a stream of vehicles to pass aroused William from his glommy revery. With a start he remembered the note he was to deliver. Bond Street was the next turning. No. 642 proved ot be a large tenement house. He found Mrs. Brown and delivered the note.

As he was leaving the building an old woman, thin and bent was just entering. Her clothing was poor but very neat. Several paper-covered bundles filled her arms. One of them dropped. William picked it up, and as he handed it to her he noticed how pink were her cheeks and how blue were her eyes. "Thank you, young man," she said, smiling brightly up into his face. Her voice was clear and vibrant. William's hand went involuntarily to his hat as he turned away.

That evening as he was leaving his place of employment he was joined by one of his fellow-workers—one of the few with whom he had become acquainted. "Say, Hallam, come around to my room to-night. A lot of the fellows are coming to play cards. We'll give you a good time."

"Thank you; I don't know anything about cards. You'd find me no addition," answered William.

"O, that's all right. We'll play simple games that you can easily pick up. I'll expect you."

"Come early," was the injunction made as William turned the corner into his own street.

William had been brought up with a feeling of strong disapproval for cards. He had no intention of accepting the invitation. But after supper, when he went up to his dingy fourth-story room, the loneliness of it seemed unbearable. There would be light and merriment at Wilson's. Why not go there? He need not play cards; he could watch the others. But on consideration that would not be attractive. No, he would not go; he would read the evening paper which he had bought on his way home, then he would go to bed.

The next morning as he was leaving the house his landlady again called him. "O," she said, "the cook thought she'd be well enough to get up this morning, but she isn't. I'll have to have Mrs. Brown again. I'm sorry to trouble you again, but"—

"It's no trouble," said William. "I'll stop and tell her that you want her. It's on my way, you know."

After delivering the message, as he was leaving the building, the old woman for whom he had picked up the parcel the previous morning was again coming in. "Good morning," she said cheerily. She had evidently recognized him.

During the next two days it rained heavily and steadily. On the third day it turned suddenly cold. When William left his place of employment in the evening the pavements were covered with ice and walking was difficult. As he reached the corner of Bond Street a woman walking just ahead of him slipped and fell. William hurried to her assistance. In the light from a near-by electric globe he saw that it was the little old woman whom he had met when delivering the message for Mrs. Smith. "Are you hurt?" he asked.

"Not a bit of it," she laughed as he helped her to her feet. "And not a thing has fallen from my basket." Then, as her glance fell on William's face: "O, it's you! Well, we seem to meet, don't we?"

"Yes," said William, laughing also, "we do. It's a bad evening. Let me walk home with you."

"Bless you, I'm not going home. I'm on my way to Spring Street."

"Well, I'll take you there."

She looked around at the glittering streets. "It's worse walking than I thought. I must get there. I am not so sure-footed as I was; so I'll be glad to have you—though, to be sure, it's perhaps taking you out of your way."

"That makes no difference. Let me have your basket, please."

The old woman looked up at his splendid height and broad shoulders. "How old are you?" she asked.

"Twenty years," returned William briefly.

You are very big, and I guess you're pretty strong. I'm glad I met you. I am sure I thank you with all my heart. It's nice to find a young man ready to help an old woman, so let's go on. There will be plenty to come home with me. You see, there's no car line over that way."

They went on slowly, William carrying the basket and carefully guiding his companion's steps. "You see, it's the club night. I wouldn't want not to go. The boys would be that disappointed," she said. She slipped several times, but William's strong arms kept her from falling. "Now, isn't it a fine thing that I met you? I'd had a bad time getting there."

"I'm very glad that I happened along," declared William truthfully. He found his compaion attractive.

"You see, it's a club of newsboys and that kind. We have games for them and books and a little lunch. O, they have fine times!"

William showed his interest by asking several questions. She went on the explain that the club was chiefly kept up by a gentleman connected with one of the great Churches.

Presently they arrived at "the club." It was an old frame building, and had at one time evidently been a warehouse. It was brightly lighted.

"You must come in a minute," said the old woman.

William followed her in. The large room presented a cheerful air. Neat paper covered the walls, and a few magazines and papers were scattered about. A dozen or more boys were congregated. Some of them rushed up to greet William's companion.

"O, Mrs. Maley, we were afraid you wouldn't come such a bad night. If we'd known where you lived, we'd 'a' come for you."

"You bet we would."

"Say, we're glad you've come."

Mrs. Maley laughed. "Well, I had one tumble. Then this young man came along and took care of me."

The boys gave William a friendly glance. The old woman turned suddenly to him. "Now, I just know you've not had your supper. You must stay here. I have sandwiches in this basket, and I'm going to make coffee. The boys will tell you whether it's good or not."

There was a chorous of "You bet it is" from the boys.

William impulsively answered: "Thank you; I'll be glad to stay." It would be better than his lonely room, he thought.

Mrs. Maley nodded with satisfation. "Then you just talk with the boys while I'm fixing things," she said as she disappeared into an adjoining room.

The boys soon became quite sociable. Other boys, singly and in groups, came in, then two women, each carrying baskets with which they disappeared into the anteroom. Soon an appetizing aroma of coffee came to them, and Mrs. Maley and the other women appeared with plates of sandwiches and trays containing large-sized cups of coffee.

After this refreshment the boys gave themselves to reading or to checkers or chess. Some seemed to prefer social chatting. William had a talk with two boys older than the majority of those present. From them he learned something about Mrs. Maley. She supported herself by doing fine laundry work. But, hard-worked as she was, she was one of the mainstays of the club. She gave to it all her spare time and a good deal of her earnings. The boys were enthusiastic over her. "A lot of us would have gone to the bad but for her," they declared. The boys had weekly dues to pay, but these were very small. Mr. Wright, the gentleman who had started it, hoped the next year to have classes in various branches. "There's a lot of us would like to know more about arithmetic and writin' letters, you know."

When the closing hour of the club came, several of the boys volunteered to escort Mrs. Maley nome. "I'm going home with the one that brought me," she declared.

"I would be offended if you didn't," laughed William.

He was urged by a group of boys to come and see them again soon.

On the way back Mrs. Maley spoke further of the club. Mr. Wright was not a rich man, and he was connected with the carrying on of several similar undertakings.

On reaching her home, Mrs. Maley said: "I'm sure I thank you heartily, and I am certainly glad I met you."

"I thank you for the pleasant evening. I enjoyed it very much," returned William.

And he had enjoyed it. He went to bed that night feeling more cheerful than he had for many weeks. He did some new thinking during the next few days. On Sunday he went to the nearest church, and he put his dime on the contribution plate, remembering the "widow's mite."

n Monday he awoke with the resolve that he would find out where Mr. Wright lived. He would call upon him and offer his services in teaching a class in arithmetic at the club. He had taken first honors in arithmetic during those four years spent at Union Academy. And on going to his place of employment he said to himself that thereafter he would work for all that was in him. He had lately been doing his appointed tasks perfunctorily. Promotion should come if hard work would bring it. And it did.

MAKE YOURSELF WANTED.

"When I was a little fellow I was a trifle inclined to hold back and wait to be coaxed," says a writer in an exchange. "I remember sitting beside the brook one day, while the other children were building a dam. They were wading, carrying stones, splashing the mud, and shouting orders, but none of them paid any attention to me. I began to feel abused and lonely, and was blubbering over my neglected condition, when Aunt Sally came down the road.

"'What's the matter, sonny? Why ain't you playing with the rest?"

"'They don't want me,' I said, digging my fists into my eyes. 'They never asked me to come.'

"I expected sympathy, but she gave me an impatient shake and push.

"'Is that all, you little ninny? Nobody wants folks that'll sit around on a bank and wit to be asked," she cried. 'Run along with the rest, and make yourself wanted.'

"That shake and push did the work. Before I had time to recover my indignant surprise, I was in the middle of the stream, and soon was as busy as the others."

BAD HABIT LAND.

The topsyest-turvyest land that I know
Is the land where the careless and bad children go.
Now take, for example, the dear little boys,
Who seldom, if ever, help pick up their toys.
I know at least two, and perhaps you know more,
Whose shoes lie on tables and hats lie on the floor.
Their chiffonier drawers so untidy, and think!
Near suits of white duck I found bottles of ink,
With roller skates, brushes, and often a shirt—
Each one always open collecting the dirt.
Soap floating in basins, gum stuck to the glass,
While gone every handle of bright polished brass.
Their mothers implore them to try to be neat,
They'll say, "Yes, I will," and fly into the street.
But lo! Topsy-turvy land sends out a witch
Whose name is "Bad Habit," and carries a switch.
She rides on the back of a fierce looking bat,
And whisks them away without even a hat.
'Tis only the untidy boys, understand,
She'll carry while sleeping to Bad Habit Land.
Now as for the girls, their rooms are a sight,
With clothes scattered 'round where they left them last night.
New bows of silk ribbon of black, brown and blue
Are thrown in a corner beside a soiled shoe.
In top drawers are brushes and combs filled with hair,
Clean belts and kid gloves near an old Teddy bear.
Their fine bureau silver is tarnished and black,
While pretty white shirt waists are pinned in the back.
Their tooth brush and slippers are thrown on the floor,
I'm really ashamed to betray any more.
Though careless, they sleep most serenely and bland
'Till they, too, are taken to Bad Habit Land.
And once they arrive there—now mind what I say:
Forever and ever and ever they'll stay.
Poor father and mother may beg on each knee,
They're held by Bad Habits and cannot get free.
They're prisoners for life, little girl, and what's more,
They're kept in a place with a strong iron door,
And there they may linger like little caged rabbits.
Beware then, each child, of the land of "Bad Habits."

—Irene Elliott Benson.

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